

Glasgow Weekly Times.

CLARK H. GREEN:

"ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS, WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT."—JEFFERSON.

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

V. lunc 10.

GLASGOW, MISSOURI, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1850.

Number 49.

GLASGOW WEEKLY TIMES.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
Office on Water Street, Up Stairs, next door to the Glasgow House.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.
For one year, if paid in advance, \$2 00
If not paid before the end of the year, 3 00
CLUBS.
5 copies 1 year in advance, 9 00
10 " " " " " " " " 15 00
20 " " " " " " " " 25 00
30 " " " " " " " " 30 00

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
One square, (24 lines or less) One Dollar for the first, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.
Liberal deductions made to Merchants and others who advertise by the year.

Of every description, executed with neatness and despatch, on reasonable terms.
JUSTICES' BLANKS AND BLANK DEEDS.
Neatly executed, kept constantly on hand, and for sale low.

AGENTS FOR THIS PAPER.
V. B. PALMER, Esq., is authorized to procure Advertisements, receive Subscriptions, and make Collections for the TIMES, at his offices in the following cities:
PHILADELPHIA—North-West Corner Third and Chestnut streets.
NEW YORK—Tribune Buildings.
BOSTON—No. 5, State street.
FAYETTE—Andrew J. Herndon.
HARTSFIELD—Wm. D. Malone.
BIRMINGHAM—Thomas G. Sharp.
LINCOLN—H. WILKINSON.

B. H. SMITH,
Attorney at Law,
TRENTON, GEORGE CO. MO.

WILL promptly attend to all business, entrusted to his care, in the Courts of the Eleventh Judicial Circuit, no 13.

G. H. BURKHART,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Hartsfield, Mo.
Will practice law in the counties of Randolph, Clayton, Howard, Boone, Monroe, Adair and Shelby. All business entrusted to him will receive his prompt attention.
Office in the 2d story above McCampbell's and Coates' store.
Oct 24-34.

Charles & Blow,
Wholesale Dealers and Importers of
DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, GLASS-
WARE, &c.—AND AGENTS FOR
MISSOURI WHITE LEAD WORKS,
Washington Avenue, Opposite American Fur
Company, St. Louis, Mo.

THE subscribers have received their Fall
importations, which have been selected
with great care, to which the attention of
Merchants, Physicians and Dealers is respectfully invited.
Prices current furnished when requested.
St. Louis, August 30, 1849.—1-1m

MORT. T. FRAWLEY, JNO. W. HENRY,
Prewitt & Henry,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Fayette, Mo.

Will attend to all business, entrusted to them in Howard, and the counties adjoining. Particular attention paid to collecting.
Office in Crigger's Frame building two doors above the Receiver's Office.
Nov 15, 1849.—5.

F. A. Savage,
DEALER IN
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY
GOODS, BOOTS & SHOES,
Hats, Caps, Hand and Quennsware, Nails, &c.
Water street, Glasgow.

Charles B. Fallenstein,
GLASGOW, MO.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS,
Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes,
BONNETS AND INDIA RUBBER
GOODS, HARDWARE, CARPETS,
READY MADE CLOTHING, &c.
Front Street, Glasgow, Mo.

Livery Stable.
NEW ADMINISTRATION.

EMERSON & HANDLEY would respect-
fully inform the public that they have
purchased of the Messrs. ARNOT their entire
establishment, and are now prepared to ac-
commodate both citizens and strangers, with
every description of vehicle, and good saddle
horses, at a moderate notice.

The additions we are making in new car-
riages, Buggies, and fine horses, (none other
kept,) will enable us to furnish "turn outs,"
equal in style and comfort to any establish-
ment in the State. We are also prepared, at
all times, to attend on pleasure parties, and
to convey steamboat passengers to any point
they may desire to go.

By strict attention to the wants of the
community, and a fixed determination to de-
serve the patronage which has been so lib-
erally bestowed upon our predecessors, we feel
assured that our efforts to please, will be
appreciated by a generous community.

A Hearse and Carriages will at all times
be in readiness to attend funerals, either in
the City or country.
Glasgow, Nov. 15, 1849.—37-1y.

St. Louis Millinery Rooms,
62, Market Street, Up Stairs,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

SLOPER & RIMMER, Importers and dealers
of French Millinery, would respectfully
inform the Ladies, they are prepared to
offer any article in their line at the lowest
possible prices, and of the latest and most ap-
proved styles, being in receipt of patterns
monthly.

The greatest attention is paid to written or-
ders, that persons at a distance may feel per-
fect confidence in sending to their House.
Straws and Leghorns cleaned, dyed and
altered, and every article of mourning goods
supplied at the shortest notice.
St. Louis, August 29, 1849.—25-9m

DRIED APPLES & PEACHES wanted
for which the highest price will be paid
by not 29.
J. W. HARRIS & Co.

From the St. Louis Intelligencer.

The Crisis in Missouri—Duty of the Whig Party.—The lost wanderer in a wilderness, who has dragged his weary way through the long and tedious hours of a starless night, hails, with unspeakable joy, the eastern dawn that promises to lead him out of his dreary wanderings. The unhappy victims of ocean rapine, who by special favor of their cruel captors are thrust into careless boats and turned loose to the mercy of the wind and wave, are filled with unutterable gladness when they find themselves drifting into quiet havens circled with green and pleasant shores. The fettered sons of oppression, who after years of hopeless confinement in gloomy dungeons, are suddenly restored to liberty, friends and home, have no words to express the deep delight that fills them.

What the light of day is to the bewildered night-wanderer—what the quiet heaven and green shores are to the drifting seamen—what sweet freedom is to the long fettered prisoner—such is the bright promise, the sure hope, the auspicious sign of speedy and final disenthralment from the power of their oppressors, now breaking upon the Whig party in Missouri.

For about twenty long years have the Whigs of Missouri been in hopeless bondage to a relentless dominant party. All honors have been denied them. All consideration, so far as strict party rule could accomplish it, has been withheld from them. They have been compelled to serve whilst others have feasted. They have been required to stand whilst others reclined at ease. They have been the outside riders of a coach—the "deckers" of our ship of State.—Though numbering in their ranks some of the brightest minds of the country and many of the purest men of the age and though standing around the polls, tens of thousands; their gallant leaders have been crushed under the weight of leaden numbers, and the whole party deprived of its just representation and consequence in the government.

And to what end has the honorable ambition of patriotic and blameless Whigs been stifled? To elevate their superiors in character, acquirements and genius to the councils of the State and of the nation? Let the long roll of legislative and judicial iniquities that have dimly tried to shine in the State House, in Congress and on the Bench;—let the darkened labyrinth of statute laws at home, their short-sightedness, illiberality and selfish bearings;—let our sluggish State, our sleeping resources, our rich and fertile, inaccessible lands;—let our pitiable weakness and want of enterprise as a State, our small consideration abroad, and our neglect by the general government, answer the question and say to what purpose Missouri has sacrificed the many able, eloquent and learned Whigs in her borders.

But there is a just retribution ever hanging over the wrong. A righteous recompense will always and surely overtake a wrongful and oppressive course of conduct. There is a compensation, as certainly and as nicely balanced in the moral, as in the physical world.

Having sowed the wind, the Democracy of Missouri is now reaping the whirlwind. The relentless tyranny which their leaders encouraged them to exercise towards the Whig party, has now been turned against themselves, and they are madly torn by intestine rage.

It is fabled that Cadmus slew a dragon, and sowed his teeth in a plain.—From these sprung up armed men. He threw a stone amongst them, and they instantly turned their arms one against the other, till all perished except five.—This fable needs no lengthy application. It would not be hard to designate the leader who sowed the dragon's teeth, and who has now cast a stone amongst his armed cohorts, provoking them to mortal feud. The fury has been roused—the deadly combat rages. It only boots us to stand aloof, and save none of the dragon's seed from destruction.

While the memory of past wrong lives so freshly with us, no Whig can without a loss of self-respect, join either faction of the Democracy or aid them

in their struggle. Let them now learn something of a bondman's life.

The time is rapidly drawing on when the final combat of the opposing factions will be fought. The Whigs have an equal stake in the contest—but happily it is independent of the Democratic party. They have an interest of their own to defend. The whole fruits of the victory may be theirs. Will they be so unjust to themselves as not to strive for it? Can they be so base and unmanly as to serve as voluntary slaves the party who has so fully wronged them and tyrannized over them? Can they be so faint hearted as to fall back from the fight against a scattered foe, when they formerly met with bold front and brave heart and defiant eye, the serried ranks of a united and overwhelming majority? We cannot believe it. The Whigs of Missouri have surely learned their principles, and their duty to themselves and their country better than this.

Let us, then, follow Whigs of Missouri, stand to our arms. Let us avoid all alliances with the Democracy.—Form no coalitions. The past has exposed the folly of such conduct. Let us organize in every county. Let every champion of our cause who can speak, take the field, and let every pen that can write be put in requisition, in defence of our party, and its principles. Thus shall we keep our ranks unbroken. We shall camp together like brothers. We shall go forth to the contest as one man, and with such a victory as coolness, wisdom and courage deserve—such a victory as shall mark the annals of our State's history, and bring enduring laurels to our party, and welfare to our country.

KATE BEVERLY. A STORY OF THE VALLEY OF WYOMING.

BY PERCIE H. SELTON.

"Do you see that landscape?" said the old man to me, as we paused on the edge of the mountain road, and looked down into the valley of Wyoming beneath us. "Well that spot, calm and beautiful as it now is, was once the scene of massacre. God help me! the agonies of that day almost wring my heart to think of them, even after the lapse of fifty years."

"I have heard it was a fearful time, and you have often promised to tell me the tale of your own connection with it. Yet, if the subject be so painful to you I dare scarcely make the request."

"No, boy, no," said the old man sadly, "I will tell it, for the promise is of long standing, and I feel to day as if I could narrate that tragedy with less emotion than usual. Sit down on this rock and give me a moment to rest; I will then commence my story."

While the old man wiped the perspiration from his brow, and sat fanning himself with his broad rimmed summer hat, I took the place pointed out by him near his side, and spent the moments that elapsed before he began his narration in gazing at the landscape before me.

Sitting on a huge boulder, at the edge of the mountain, just where the hill began to slope down into the valley, we commanded a view of one of the most unrivalled landscapes in the world. To our left rose up the mountain, bold, rugged and barren, like the back of some vast monster reared against the sky;—but on the right nothing interposed to destroy the view: whose loveliness so far exceeded even my expectations, that for some minutes I gazed on the scene in mute admiration. Beneath me stretched the valley, diversified with gently sloping elevations, and sprinkled with fields of waving golden grain; while here and there a patch of woodland, with its dark green hue, lay slumbering on the landscape—the surface of the forest ever and anon varying to a lighter tint as the wind swept over the tree-tops. Right through the centre of the valley meandered the river, now rolling betwixt bluff banks, and now stealing gently among the rich meadow lands in the distance, until at length it turned to the left, and skirting the foot of the far off hills, was lost behind the profile of the mountain before us. In

the centre of the vale was the village, with its white houses and airy church steeple, smiling over the scene. Far away on the horizon stretched a line of hills, their dark blue summits, half hid by the clouds, which wrapped them as in a veil of gauze. No sound came up from the valley. Occasionally the twitter of a bird would be heard from the surrounding trees—while the low tinkle of a tiny waterfall on our left kept monotonously sounding in our ears. The morning rays of a summer's sun poured down upon the landscape, and every thing around was bright, and gay, and beautiful. I was still lost in admiration at the loveliness of the scene, when the old man signified his readiness to commence his tale.

"It is now fifty years ago," he began, "since I came to this valley a young frontier man, with a hardy constitution, a love of adventure, and the reputation of being the best shot on the border: the place was at that time, settled principally by families from Connecticut, and then bore traces of its present luxuriant cultivation. Many of the families were in good circumstances, others had seen better days—and altogether the society was more refined than usual on the frontier. Among all the families, however, in the valley, none pleased me so much as that of Mr. Beverly—and, of his fireside circle, his second daughter, Kate, was, in my eyes, the gem. How shall I describe her beauty? Lovely, without being beautiful, with a sylph-like form, a laugh as joyous as the carol of a bird, a step lighter than that of a young fawn in sportive play, and a disposition so amiable as to win irresistibly the love of all who met her. Kate Beverly was scarcely seventeen before she had a host of admirers, and might have won any youth in the valley. Why it was that she preferred me over all the rest, I cannot say: perhaps it was the consciousness of some mysterious sympathy linking us both together, or perhaps it was that we both came from the same town in Connecticut, and had been schoolmates in childhood—so it was, however. It soon began to be known throughout the valley that before another season should elapse, Kate Beverly would become my wife."

"Oh! how happy were those days—too happy, indeed to last. I will not dwell upon them, for they fill my soul with agony. Suffice it to say, that while dreaming of bliss such as mortal never before experienced, the war of the revolution broke out—and after a hard struggle between my passion and my duty, the latter conquered, and I joined the army. Kate did not attempt to dissuade me from the act—she rather loved me the more for it. Though her woman nature caused her to shed tears at my departure, her reason told her I was right, and she bid me God speed."

"Heaven bless you, Harry," she said, and bringing this unnatural war to a conclusion, I cannot bid you stay, but I pray that the necessity for your absence may soon cease."

"Time rolled by—the American cause was still doubtful, and the war bid fair to be protracted into years. I had risen to be a captain in the regiment, when I received information that the Tories and Indians intended making a descent on the valley of Wyoming. I know the unprotected situation of my adopted district, and I trembled for the lives of those I held most dear. At first I discredited the rumor—chance, however, threw in my way an opportunity of ascertaining the reality of the reported descent, and I became convinced that not a moment was to be lost if I would save the lives of those I loved at home. My determination was at once taken—I solicited for leave of absence—it was refused; I then resigned my commission, and set forth to Wyoming."

"I never shall forget my emotions when I drew near that ill-fated place; it was on the very day of the Massacre—and the first intimation I had of the calamity was the mangled body of one of the inhabitants, whom I had known floating down the stream. A cold shiver ran through every vein as I gazed on the terrible sight, and a thousand fears agitated my bosom; but my

worst surmises fell far short of the truth. When, hours after, I met some of the fugitives, and they rehearsed to me that tale of horror, I stood for a moment thunderstruck, refused to believe that beings in human form could perpetrate such deeds—but it was all too true.

"Almost my first inquiry was for Kate. No one knew, alas, what had become of her. One of those who had escaped the fight, told me that her father had been killed at the beginning of the conflict—and that, deprived of a protector, she had probably fallen a victim to the infuriated savages, while the other inhabitants were severally engaged in protecting themselves. How I cursed them for their selfishness! And yet could I expect aught else of human nature, and that each one should protect those dearest to them, even to the desertion of others?"

"But my mind was soon made up. I resolved, come what might, to ascertain clearly the fate of Kate—so that if dead I might revenge her, and if living I might rescue her. Bidding farewell to the flying group, I shouldered my rifle and struck boldly into the forest, trusting in the guidance of that God who never deserts us in our extremities."

"I will not tire you with a protracted narrative; I will only say that after numerous inquiries from the fugitives I met, I learned that Kate had been last seen in the hands of a party of savages.—This was sufficient for a clue.—I once more began to hope. I waited until night fall, when I sought the spot which had been described to me as the one where Kate had been last seen—and, never shall I forget my feelings of almost rapturous pleasure, when I found in the forest a fragment of her dress sticking on a bush, by which it had, doubtless, been torn from her in passing. I was now satisfied that Kate had been carried off captive. Fortunately I had met, in the group of fugitives, a hunter who had been under some obligations to her family, and he was easily persuaded to join me in my search. Together we now began a pursuit of the savages. He was an adept in forest warfare—could follow a trail as a hound the chase—knew the course which would be most likely to be chosen by a flying party of Indians, and withal, was one of the keenest shots who had carried a rifle on the border."

"It is my opinion," said he, that these varmints didn't belong to the regular body of Indians who followed Butler, though even they were bad enough. I think, however, he would not suffer a deed like this. These villains seem to have acted on their own behalf—and, if so, they would fly to the back country as soon as possible. You may depend upon it we shall overtake them if we pursue that way."

"I felt the truth of these remarks, and assented to them at once. In less than a quarter of an hour after first discovering the trail, we were tracing the forest in pursuit of the savages."

"Let me hasten to the close. Hour after hour, all through the livelong day, we pursued the flying Indians—crossing swamps, clambering over rocks, fording streams, and picking our way through the labyrinthine woods, until, towards night-fall, we reached an open space—or, as it were, a meadow, shut in by gently sloping hills."

"Hist," said my companion, "we are upon them. Do you not see that thin thread of smoke curling upward over the top of yonder aged hemlock?"

"Ay—it must be them—let us on!"

"Softly, or we lose all. We know not certainly that this is the party we seek, but us reconnoitre."

"Slowly and stealthily, trembling lest even a twig should crackle under our feet, we crept towards the edge of the meadow—and peeping cautiously thro' the underwood, beheld the objects of our search in six tall swarthy savages, sitting smoking around the remains of a fire. At a little distance knelt, with her hands bound, but her eyes upraised to heaven, my own Kate. Oh! how my heart leaped at the sight. I raised my rifle convulsively and was about to fire, when my companion caught my hand, and said:

"Softly, or you'll spoil all. Let us get the varmints in range, and then we shall fire with some effect. Hist!"

"This last exclamation was occasioned by the sudden rising of one of the savages. He gazed a moment cautiously around, and then advanced towards the thicket where we lay concealed. I drew my breath in, and trembled at the beating of my own heart. The savage still approached. My companion laid his hand on my arm, and pointed from my rifle to one of the Indians. I understood him. At this juncture the advancing savage warned of our presence by the cracking of an unlucky twig beneath my companion's foot, sprang back, with a loud yell, towards the fire."

"Now," said my companion, sternly, "Quick as lightning I raised my piece and fired. My companion did the same. The retreating savage and one of his companions fell dead on the ground; each of us then sprang to a tree, loading as we ran. It was well we did it, for in an instant the enemy was on us. Shall I describe that dreadful fight? My emotion forbids it. A few minutes decided it. Fighting from tree to tree—dodging, loading, and endeavoring to get sight on a foe, we kept up the conflict for nearly five minutes—at the end of which time I found myself wounded, while four of the six savages lay prostrate on the ground. The other two, finding their companions dead, and despairing of being able to carry off their prisoner suddenly rushed on her and before we could interpose, had seized their hopeless victim. I had only been prevented, hitherto, from rescuing Kate by the knowledge that an attempt of the kind, while the savages were still numerically superior to us, would end in the certain ruin of us both, but now, worlds could not have restrained me, and clubbing my rifle, for the piece was unloaded, I dashed out from my covert, shouting to my companion—On—on, in God's name, on."

"Take care of the tall varmint, thundered my companion."

The warning was too late. In the tumult of my feelings I had not observed that the savage furthest from me had his piece loaded, and before I could avail myself of my companion's cooler observation, I received the ball in my right arm, and my rifle dropped powerless by my side: had I not sprang involuntary aside at my companions cry, I should have been shot through the heart."

"Go—on," I groaned in agony, as I seized my tomahawk in my almost useless left hand."

"Stoop," said my companion, "stoop lower," and I did so, his rifle cracked on the still air, and the Indian fell dead."

"All this had not occupied an instant, I was now within a few feet of her I loved, who was struggling in the grasp of the other Indian. He had already entwined his hands in her long hair—his tomahawk was already gleaming in the setting sun. Never shall I forget the look of demoniac fury with which the wretch glared on his victim. A second only was left for hope. My companion was far behind, with his rifle unloaded. I made a desperate spring forward and hurled my tomahawk at the savage's head. God of my fathers! the weapon whizzed harmlessly by the wretch and buried itself quivering in the trunk of a neighboring tree. I groaned aloud in agony, there was a yell of triumph on the air—a sudden flashing in the sun like a glancing knife, and, but I cannot go on. She I loved as my own life! she who was the purest and loveliest of her sex; she with whom I had promised myself a long life of happiness—oh! must I say it—she lay a mangled corpse at my feet! But her murderer's eye!—he was cloven to the breast by a blow from his own tomahawk, which I had wrenched from him with the strength of a dozen men."

The old man ceased, big tears rolled down his furrowed face, and his frame shook with emotion. I saw that the remembrance of the past was too much for him, and I sat by his side in silence.

I subsequently heard his sad tale from others, and then learned the manner in which Kate had been carried off. The old man's companion was right—she

had been made a prisoner by a predatory band of Indians who had followed Butler, and deserted him directly after the massacre.

Beautiful as the Valley of the Wyoming is, I never have seen it from that day to this without thinking of the sad fate of KATE BEVERLY.

THE Harrisburg Keystone notices the erection, in the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, of an ingenious time-saving machine. It is called "the Vox Populi or Legislative telegraph." Its practical operation is thus described. (The introduction of a similar machine into the lower House of Congress, would greatly facilitate its business.) "By this invention the members are all enabled to vote at once, by the use of wires which pass from their desks through the floor of the hall, and concentrating at a point beneath the side of the clerk's desk, passing through the floor to a handsomely constructed box, in which the printed lists of yeas and nays are placed. There are two wires to each desk. By pressing on one of them, the list of yeas and nays are pierced on the yea side, and by using the other the nay side is pierced. The whole vote may thus be taken in an instant, marked at the same time.—The clerk then reads the vote from the list, in the same manner as he does after a call of the yeas and nays, when the house learns how every member voted. The merit claimed for it is the saving of time in taking the yeas and nays."

HINTS TO LADIES.—Men of sense—I speak not of boys of eighteen to five—and twenty, during their age of destability—men who are worth the trouble of falling in love with, and the fuss and inconvenience of being married to, and to whom one might, after some inward conflicts, and a course perhaps of fasting and self humiliation, submit to fulfill those ill-contrived vows of obedience which are exacted at the altar—such men want for their companions women not dolls, and women who would suit such men are just as capable of loving fervently, deeply, as the Ringletina, full of song and sentiment—who cannot walk—cannot rise in the morning, cannot tie her bonnet strings—faints if she has to lace her boots—never in her life brushed out her beautiful hair—would not, for the world, prick her delicate finger with plain sewing; but who can work harder than a factory girl upon a lamb's wool shepherdesse, dance like a daisy at Almanack's—ride like a fox-hunter—and, whilst every breath of air gives her cold in her father's gloomy country seat, and she cannot think how people can endure this climate, she can go out to dinner-parties in February and March, with an inch of sleeve and half a quarter of bodice—Mrs. Thompson.

A down east editor says nothing is sweeter than a warm ardent kiss from one you love, unless it is molasses.—This is corroborated by the following couplet, from a modern Juliet to a Romeo:

Enduring as life, is my love for you,
As sweet as molasses, and as sticky too.

A LEAN MAN.—There is a man in Mississippi, so lean that he makes no shadow at all. A rattlesnake struck six times at his legs, and retired in disgust. He makes all hungry who look at him; and when children meet him in the street, they all run home crying for bread. He was "ruled out" of a company which started for California, lest his presence should increase the sufferings of that already starving country.

"The record of life runs thus:—Man creeps into childhood—bounds into youth—sober's into manhood—softens into age—totters into second childhood, and tumbles into the cradle prepared for him—thence to be watched and cared for by angels, until awakened into that new and spiritual life where he shall know no age or after decay."

The ancients were of opinion that Ecnor was a maiden who had pined away for love, till nothing but her voice was left.

A LADY who considers herself engaged in marriage should wear a ring on the second finger of the left hand. It is a sign.—Noah.